

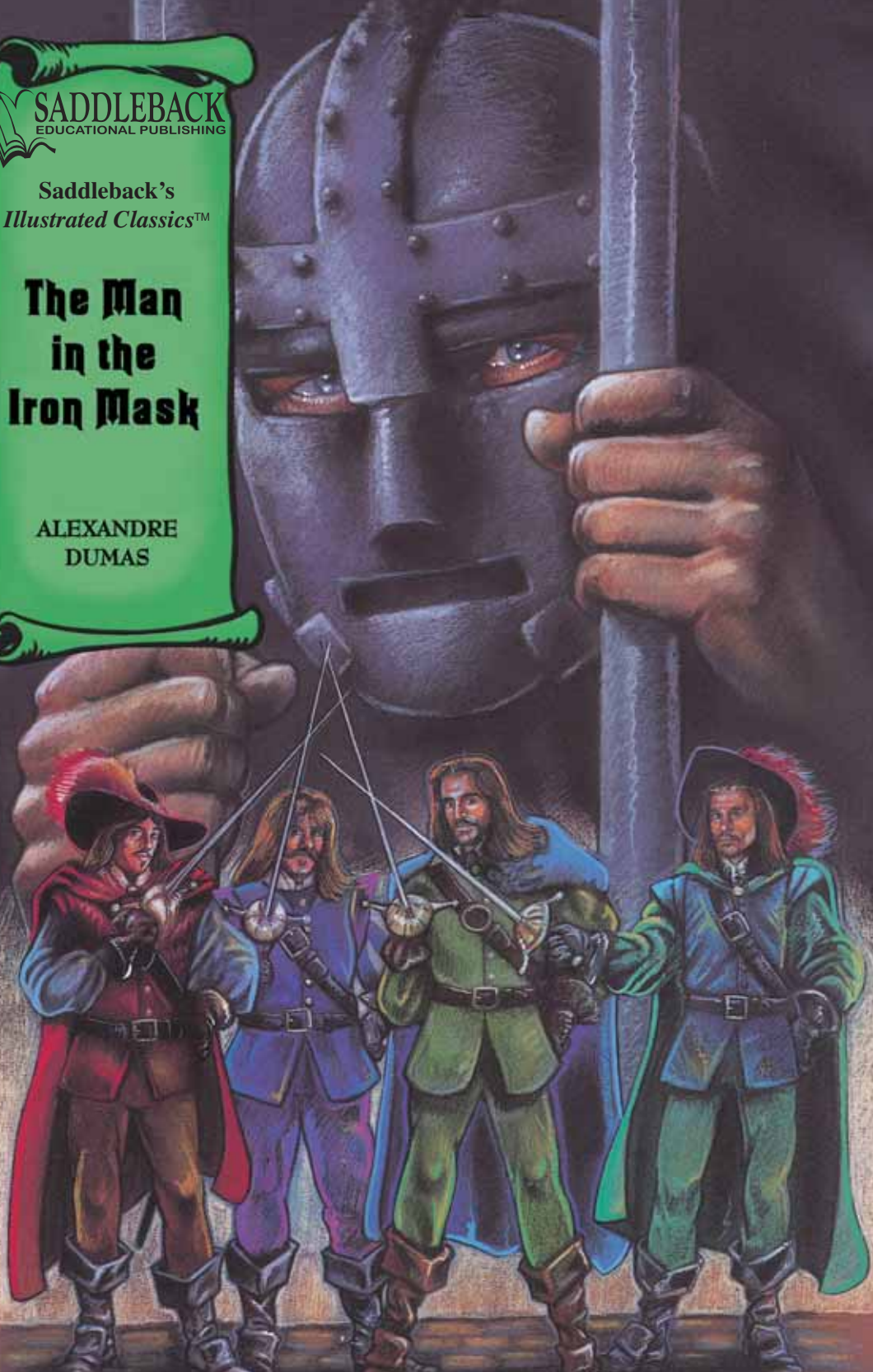


SADDLEBACK
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING

Saddleback's
Illustrated Classics™

The Man in the Iron Mask

ALEXANDRE
DUMAS



The Man in the Iron Mask

ALEXANDRE DUMAS



Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM



Three Watson

Irvine, CA 92618-2767

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Welcome to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM

We are proud to welcome you to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM was designed specifically for the classroom to introduce readers to many of the great classics in literature. Each text, written and adapted by teachers and researchers, has been edited using the Dale-Chall vocabulary system. In addition, much time and effort has been spent to ensure that these high-interest stories retain all of the excitement, intrigue, and adventure of the original books.

With these graphically *Illustrated Classics*TM, you learn what happens in the story in a number of different ways. One way is by reading the words a character says. Another way is by looking at the drawings of the character. The artist can tell you what kind of person a character is and what he or she is thinking or feeling.

This series will help you to develop confidence and a sense of accomplishment as you finish each novel. The stories in Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM are fun to read. And remember, fun motivates!

Overview

Everyone deserves to read the best literature our language has to offer. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™ was designed to acquaint readers with the most famous stories from the world's greatest authors, while teaching essential skills. You will learn how to:

- Establish a purpose for reading
- Use prior knowledge
- Evaluate your reading
- Listen to the language as it is written
- Extend literary and language appreciation through discussion and writing activities

Reading is one of the most important skills you will ever learn. It provides the key to all kinds of information. By reading the *Illustrated Classics*™, you will develop confidence and the self-satisfaction that comes from accomplishment—a solid foundation for any reader.

Step-By-Step

The following is a simple guide to using and enjoying each of your *Illustrated Classics*[™]. To maximize your use of the learning activities provided, we suggest that you follow these steps:

1. ***Listen!*** We suggest that you listen to the read-along. (At this time, please ignore the beeps.) You will enjoy this wonderfully dramatized presentation.
2. ***Pre-reading Activities.*** After listening to the audio presentation, the pre-reading activities in the Activity Book prepare you for reading the story by setting the scene, introducing more difficult vocabulary words, and providing some short exercises.
3. ***Reading Activities.*** Now turn to the “While you are reading” portion of the Activity Book, which directs you to make a list of story-related facts. Read-along while listening to the audio presentation. (This time pay attention to the beeps, as they indicate when each page should be turned.)
4. ***Post-reading Activities.*** You have successfully read the story and listened to the audio presentation. Now answer the multiple-choice questions and other activities in the Activity Book.

Remember,

“Today’s readers are tomorrow’s leaders.”



Alexandre Dumas

Alexandre Dumas, a French novelist and dramatist, was born at Viller-Cotterets in 1802. His father, the illegitimate son of a marquis, was a general in the Revolutionary armies, but died when Dumas was only four years old. He received a basic education from a priest and entered the office of a local lawyer.

After he met General Foy, he became a clerk in the service of the Duke of Orleans. At that time, he began to collaborate with Leuven in the production of vaudevilles and melodramas.

In 1844 he produced, with the help of Auguste Maquet, his new collaborator, a famous cloak-and-dagger romance, *The Three Musketeers*, which is based almost solely on historical fact, as opposed to his other very successful novel, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, which was a product of his brilliant imagination.

Much has been written about Dumas' share in the novels which bear his name. The Dumas-Maquet series is undoubtedly the best. But the manuscripts of novels still exist in Dumas' handwriting and attest to his skill as a narrator, and he is considered by most literary critics as "the master of narrative."

Dumas died in 1870.

Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™

The Man in the Iron Mask

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

THE MAIN CHARACTERS



Louis XIV



Aramis



The Man in the Iron Mask



d'Artagnan



Anne of Austria

D'Artagnan, Aramis, Porthos, and Athos always stood together and fought together. The four musketeers shared many adventures, but none was stranger than the one that involved the man in the iron mask.

Who was
this prisoner
who ended his days
on the lonely island?
Why must his face
be hidden for-
ever behind
a mask?

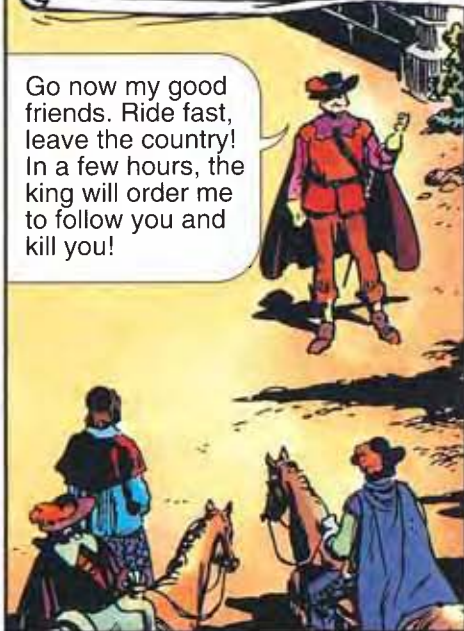


In their early days together there was no question about the loyalty that the musketeers had for each other.



Then years later, came a secret so dangerous that it threatened the throne of France itself and put the old friends on different sides.

Go now my good friends. Ride fast, leave the country! In a few hours, the king will order me to follow you and kill you!



D'Artagnan was captain of the king's musketeers.

He knew the secret, and was ordered by King Louis XIV to hide the prisoner's face forever.



Our present story begins on a summer night in 1661 when Aramis visited the Bastille, a great prison, to hear the confession of a prisoner. Once a musketeer, Aramis was now Bishop of Vannes.

The governor of the prison went with him to the cell.



Leave, Baise-meaux! You cannot hear the prisoner's confession.

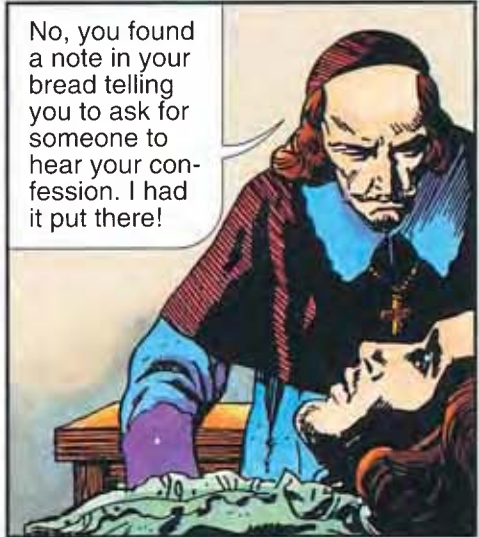
Alone, Aramis entered and faced the young prisoner.

Are you ill?
Is that why
you have
asked for me?

Yes...



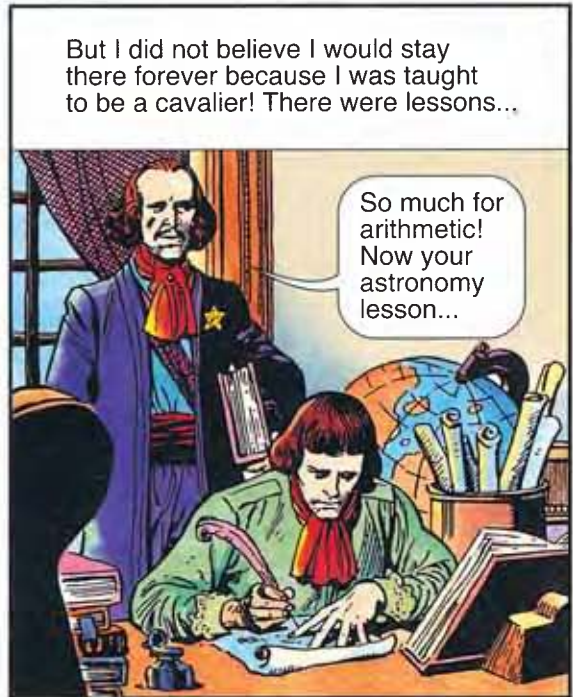
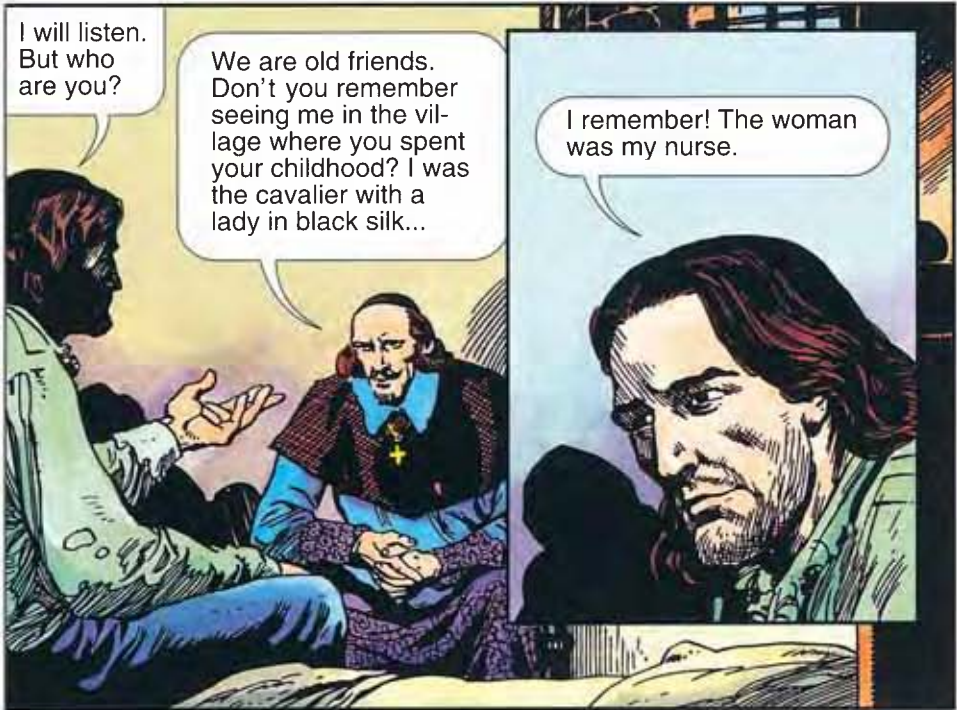
No, you found
a note in your
bread telling
you to ask for
someone to
hear your
confession. I had
it put there!



Then it is you who
have an important
secret to tell me!
I will listen.

My secret is so
important that if
the king knew I
was here tonight,
I would die
tomorrow!









Perronnette and the teacher left for the village right away.

Come! We will find someone with a long ladder! We must get the letter out of the well.



But I had other ideas.



I see the letter. It's a long way down, floating on the water!



I lowered the rope and the bucket nearly to the water. Then I slid down.

I saw the sky disappearing above me. I was dizzy and frightened.



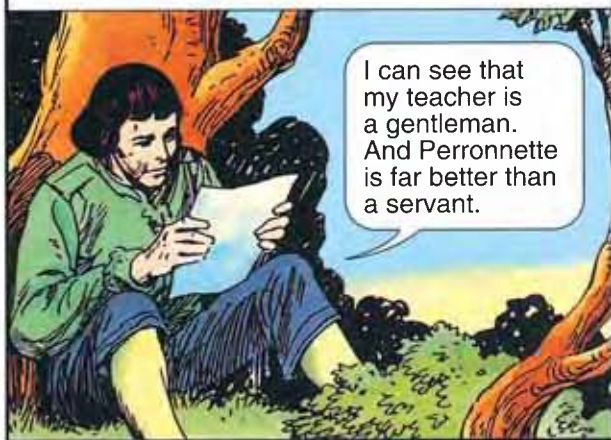
I jumped into the water, holding onto the rope with one hand, and grabbed the letter.



I put it into my shirt and somehow climbed back to the top.



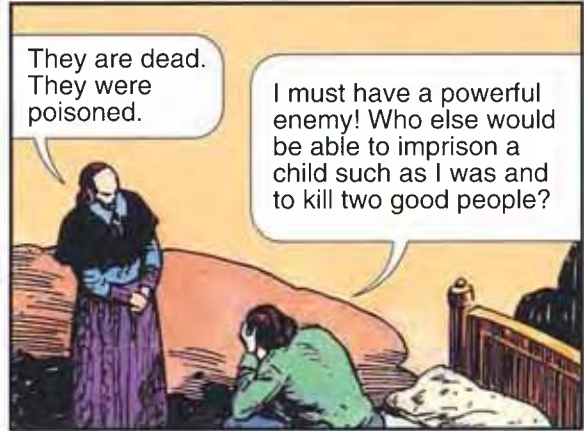
Then I heard someone coming. I had just time to hide in the bushes.

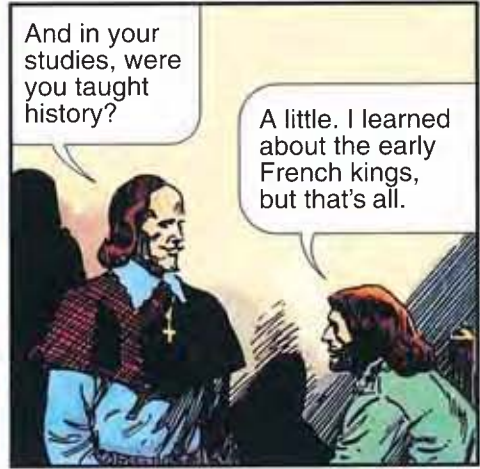


And I...I myself must be highborn. After all, the queen, Anne of Austria, seems to care about what happens to me!



Excited and soaked from being in the well, I came down with a high fever. When I was out of my head, I told of the whole adventure. My teacher found the letter under my pillow.





"Louis XIII ruled in troubled times. For years he had no heir. Then on September 5, 1668, his wife, Anne of Austria, gave birth to a son."



The court was happy with the news. Then the king showed the baby to the people.



Long live the king! Long live the new prince!

But while the king was outside, the queen, alone except for the midwife, gave birth to a second son.



Dame Perronnette was the midwife. She hurried to the king to tell him the news.



I will come at once!

The birth of two sons turned the king's joy to fear. He knew there would be quarrels about which son was older and so the heir to the throne. There might even be war.



Oh, I see!

To keep this from happening, the second son was taken away and raised in secret. No one in France except his mother knows he was ever born!

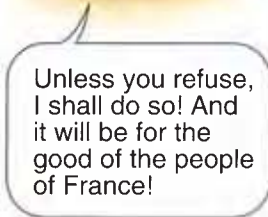
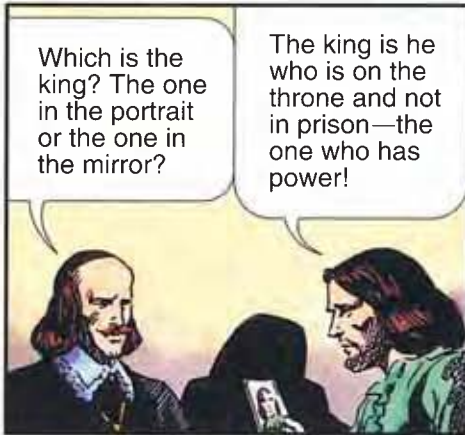
His mother—
and you, sir!

And if you are the man I think you are, you have a portrait of that first son—the one who now sits on the throne!

It is here.

So that is he!

And here is a mirror. Look!



Aramis left the cell. Soon he was taking leave of the governor of the Bastille.

Good-bye, old friend!

We shall soon meet again!



Soon afterward, Aramis visited the shop of M. Percerin, who made the king's clothes. Outside he met his friends.

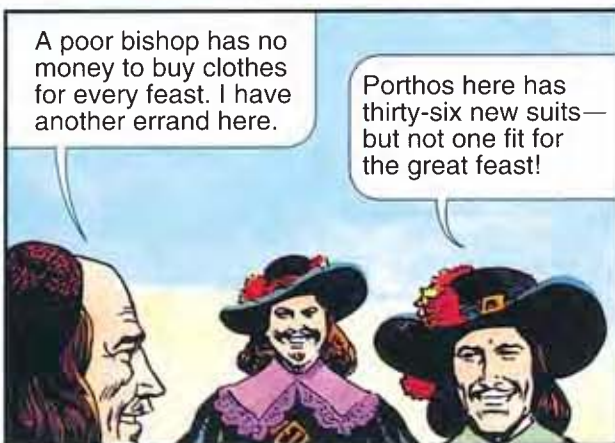
Ah! D'Artagnan and Porthos!

So, my friend. You, too, will have new clothes for the party at the chateau of Vaux.



A poor bishop has no money to buy clothes for every feast. I have another errand here.

Porthos here has thirty-six new suits—but not one fit for the great feast!



Inside, they talked with M. Percerin.

You know, of course, of the feast at Vaux that M. Fouquet is giving for the king.

Know of it! Is not every important man in the country buying new clothes from me? Am I not making five new suits for the king himself?





And so...?



Let someone copy the king's clothes? Impossible!



Well then, we will tell the king that M. Percerin was against the portrait.

Oh, no! Let your artist copy everything!

And so Aramis got an exact copy of the clothes the king would wear at the feast.

Fouquet, who was giving the feast, was the minister of finance. While holding this job, he had become the richest man in France. The young king didn't trust him.



Fouquet has spent 18,000 livres to build his new Chateau Vaux. I have asked Colbert to check his accounts!

But his feast to honor you will be wonderful! Wait until after that.

Meanwhile, from the clothing shop Aramis went to see Fouquet.

My friend, everyone talks of the great festival!

Yes, it is coming and my money is leaving!

That is why I have come here! You shall have millions on the day after the king comes to Vaux! Trust me!

I need from you now a secret order to free a prisoner from the Bastille.

And who is that?

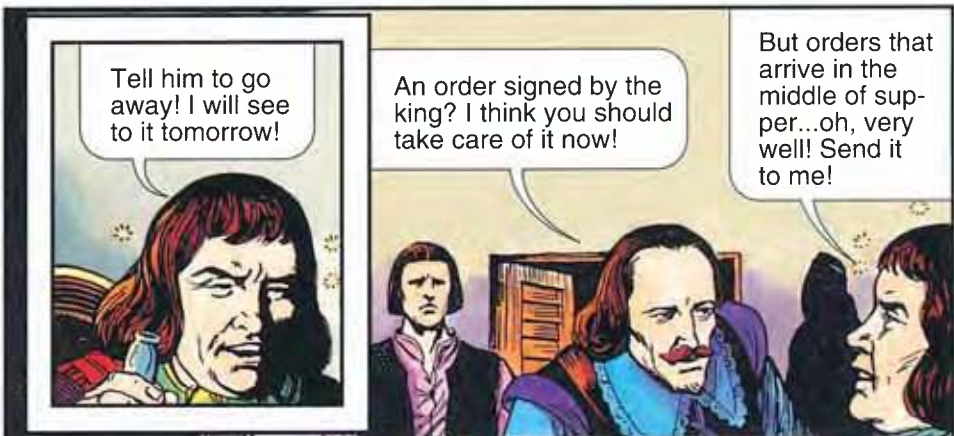
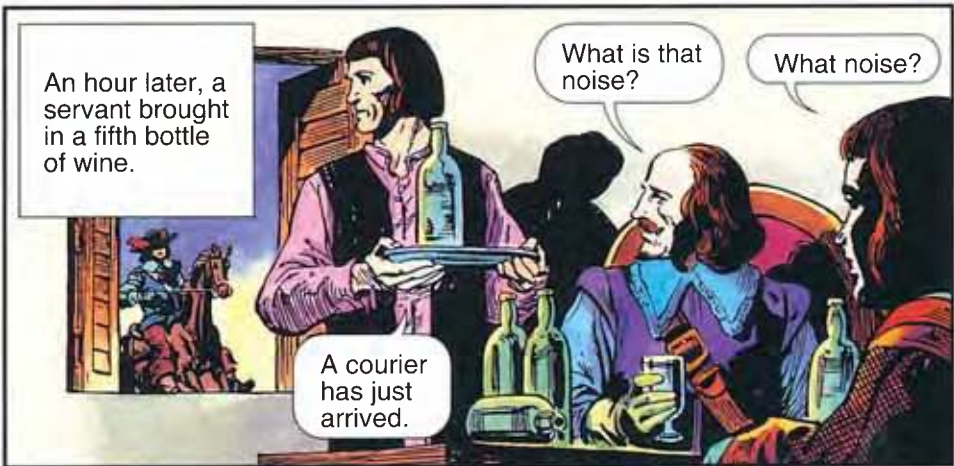
A poor youth named Seldon. He has been imprisoned for ten years because of two poems he wrote.

For ten years? I will have an order sent to free him.

It was the supper hour when Aramis arrived at the Bastille.

Tonight you look like the musketeer you used to be.

With old friends I like to be myself.



The order was brought to Baisemeaux.

An order marked "urgent!" "A man who has been here for ten years must be released this very minute!"



We are at supper! Tomorrow morning will do!

Though I wear boots tonight, I am still a priest. Think of the poor man and let him go now!



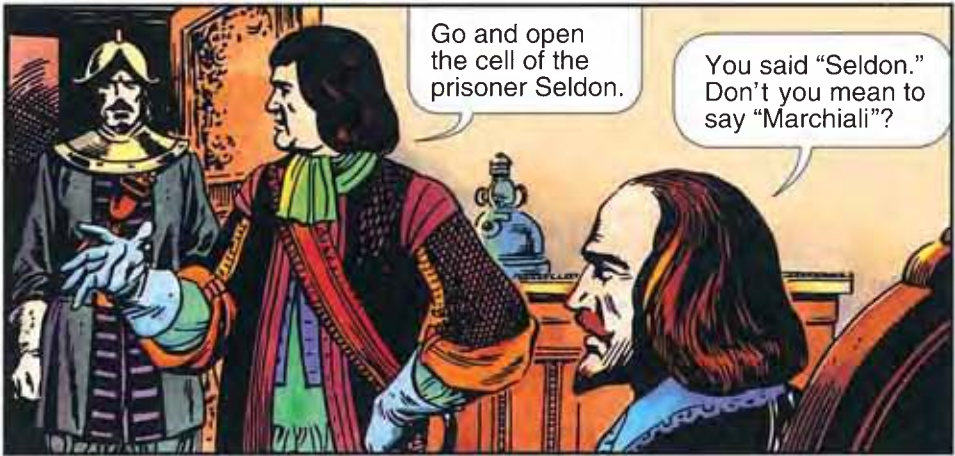
Oh, very well...if you wish it!

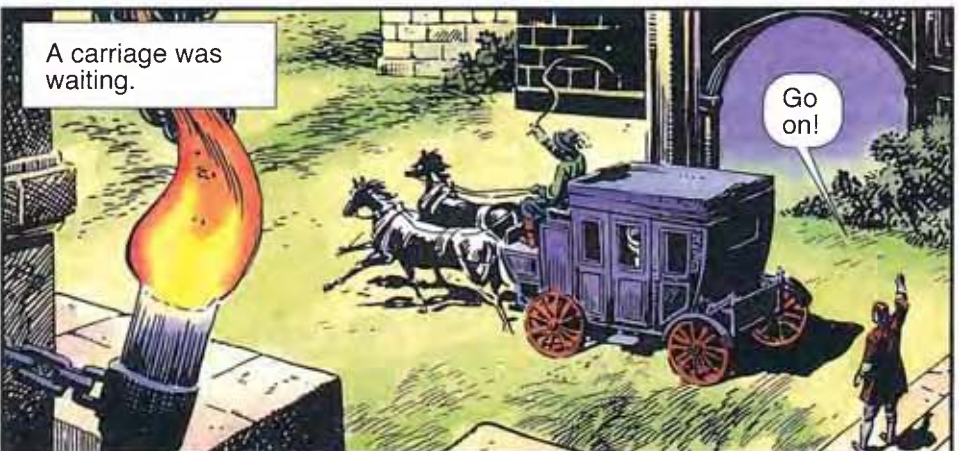
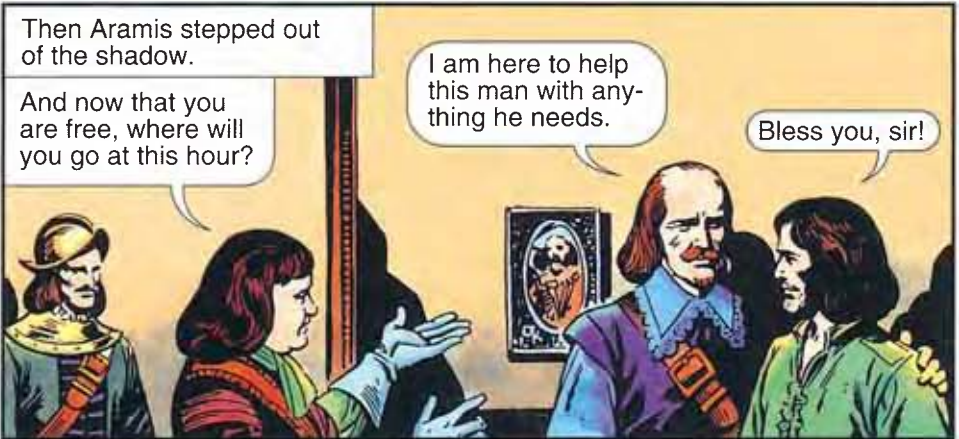
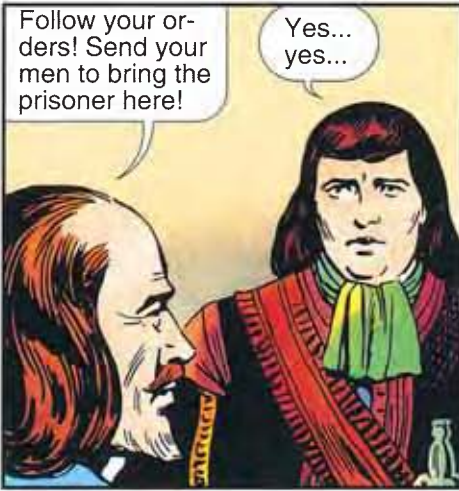
You will be rewarded for this!



As Baisemeaux turned away to call his men, Aramis changed the paper for one he had brought.



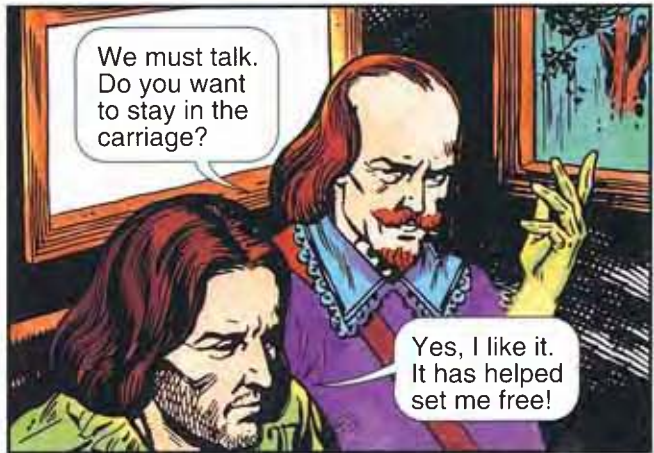




An officer rode ahead to help them through each barrier.



When the last gate was behind them, the horses picked up speed through the city streets. Soon they were galloping through the countryside. They stopped at last in the middle of a forest.



Aramis made a sign to the driver, who led them off the road.



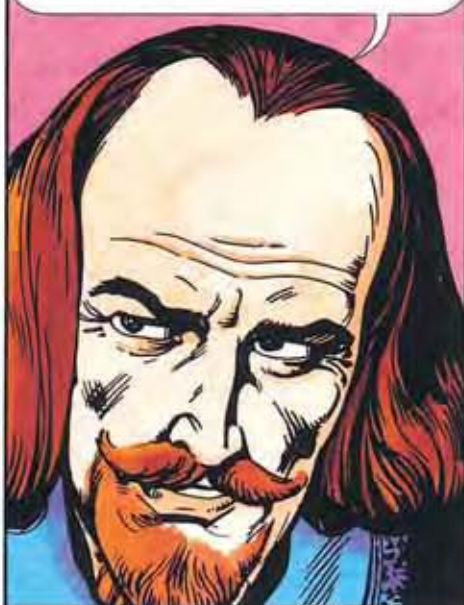
There, in the darkness, the two men faced each other.

Now tell me plainly, who am I today, and who will I become tomorrow?



You are the son of Louis XIII, brother of Louis XIV, who is the heir to the throne of France.

You look just like your brother. And this, the cause of your troubles, can lead you to success!



After tomorrow you will sit upon his throne, and he will take your place in prison.

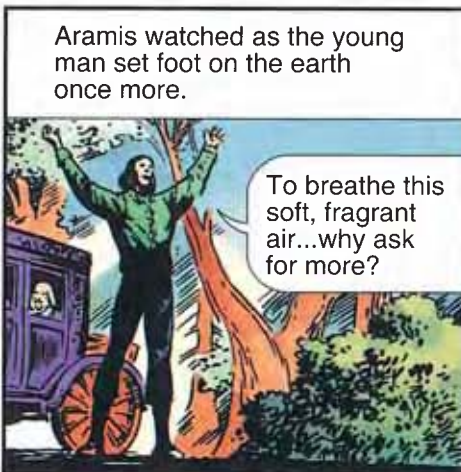
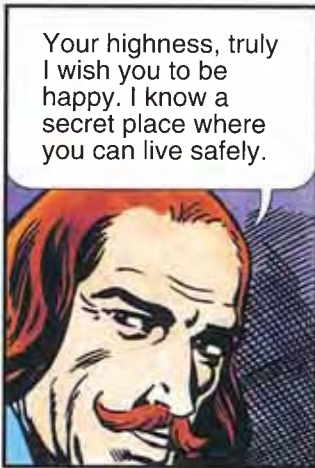


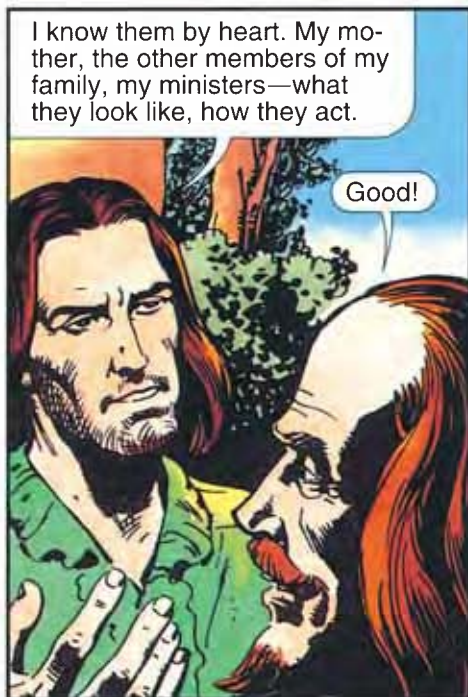
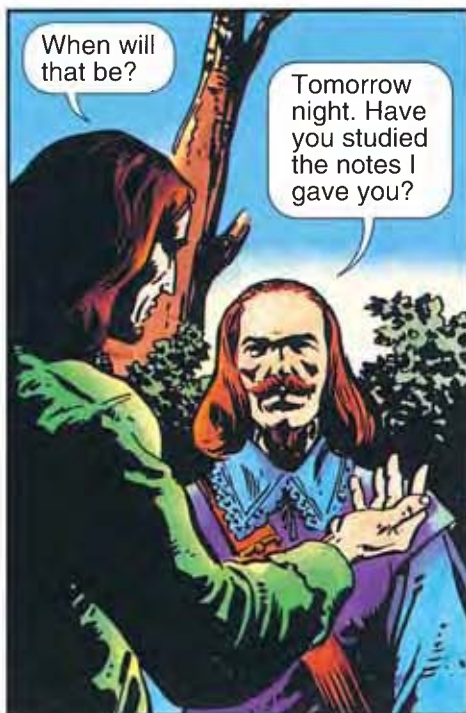
But the king will speak out. Someone will see that I am not Louis!

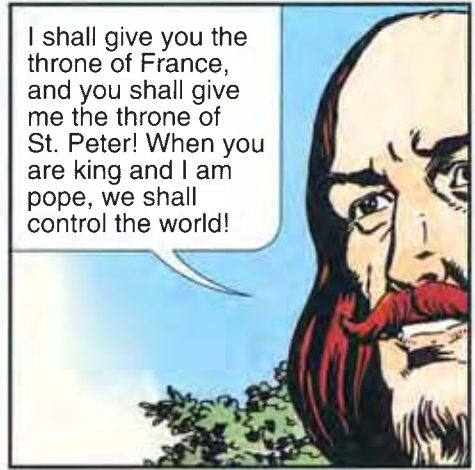
If you look like the king and act like the king, no one will know! There are no dangers, only obstacles.



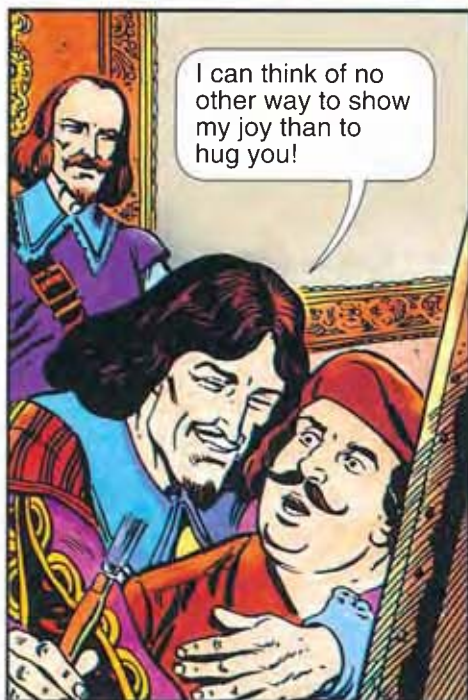
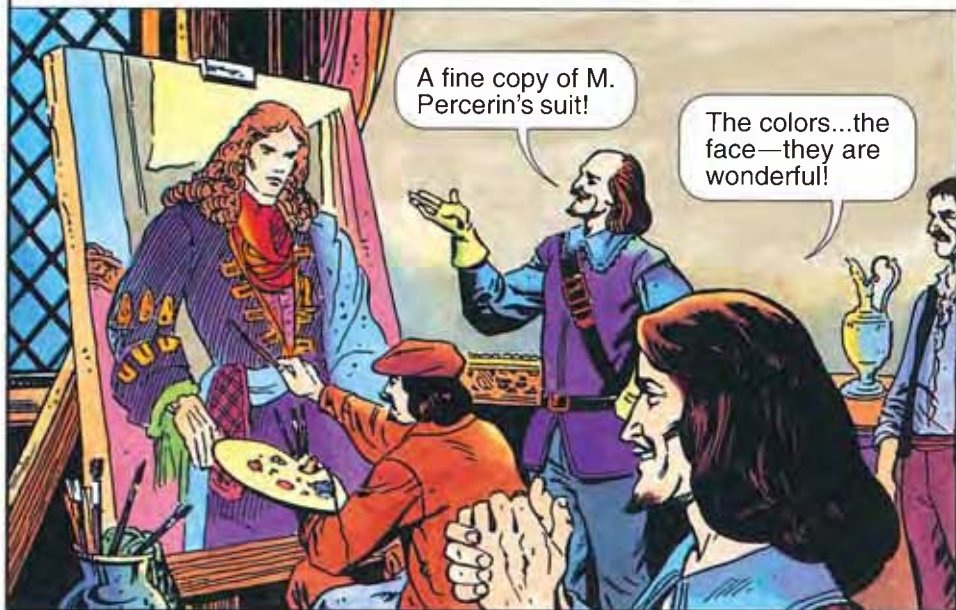
Yes, and one is that I'm not sure I am doing the right thing.







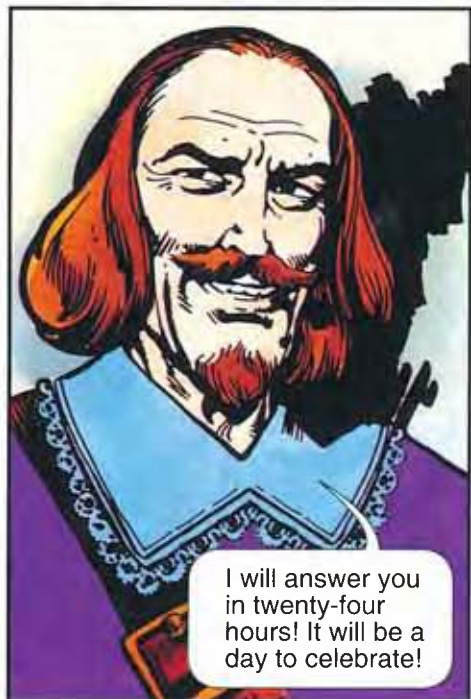
Much later that day, at the chateau, everyone was waiting for the king to arrive. Lebrun, the artist, put the last touches on the king's portrait.



It was a happy moment for the artist. But it was an unhappy one for M. Percerin, who had made Fouquet's suit.

But Fouquet, you have ruined the beautiful clothes I made for you. There is paint all over them!









But soon the king became gloomy.



One of Fouquet's golden goblets costs more than the best wines I can buy!

Fouquet's home is grander, his furniture finer, his servants better than mine, even though I am the king of France!



Later, Fouquet led the king to his bedroom, the largest and finest of all.



LeBrun has painted on the ceiling the things we dream of. There you will see things both happy and sad.

Yes, yes, I see.

Suddenly, a cold shiver seemed to pass over the king, and he grew pale.

Your majesty? Are you ill?

I am sleepy, that is all.





You are mad! How could I hurt the king? You have your musketeers and guards here anyway!

Yes. But just tell me, as a friend, that I am wrong.



I could not think of hurting the true king of France. Tomorrow will be the most wonderful day he has ever enjoyed!



Thank you, my friend! Now I must go to my duty in the king's room.

Take Porthos with you. He snores like artillery fire!



As soon as they were outside, Aramis locked the door and closed the window curtains.

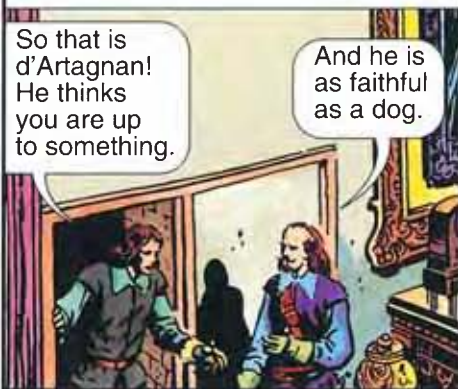


Monseigneur!
Monseigneur!

From his hiding place Philippe appeared.

So that is d'Artagnan! He thinks you are up to something.

And he is as faithful as a dog.



If he does not see you before the other has disappeared, you can count on d'Artagnan to the end of the world!

What do we do now?



You will take your place and watch the king go to bed. You must learn the ceremony.

Very good.



I will push aside a part of the floor. From the king's room it looks like one of the false windows painted on the ceiling. Can you see?

Yes. I see the king, and Colbert as well.



From above, they could hear the two men talk.

Fouquet has given me too good a meal! Where does he get all the money to do it?

From France's treasury, sire!



Can you prove it?

Easily, to the very cent!



Leave me. I will go to bed. In the morning I shall decide what to do.

Very good, sire.



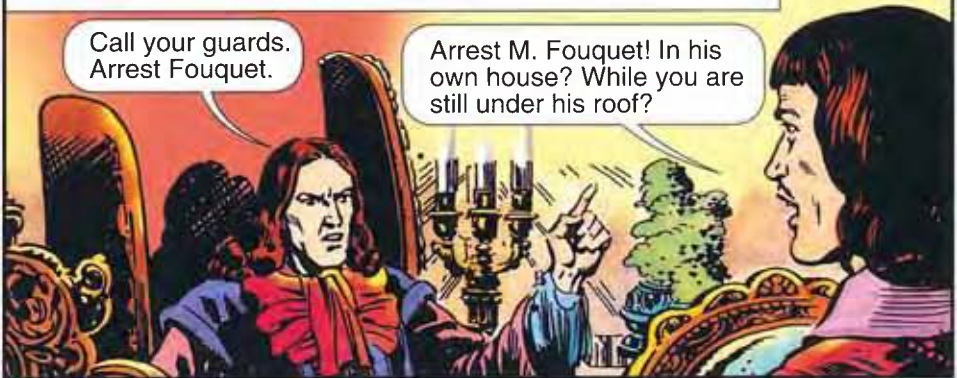
Colbert lies! Now look closely and learn how you will go to bed each night.



The next day there was entertainment in honor of the king. Finally, there were fireworks.



But the king was more angry and unhappy than ever. He went to his room and sent for d'Artagnan.



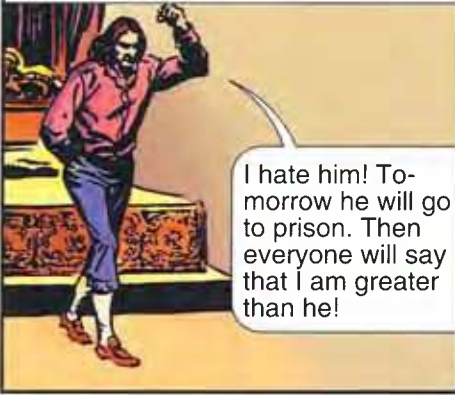
But this is a man who has spent much money in order to please you! And you wish him arrested?



Keep him under guard tonight. Return early in the morning for further orders. Now leave me!



Alone, the king paced the floor in his anger.



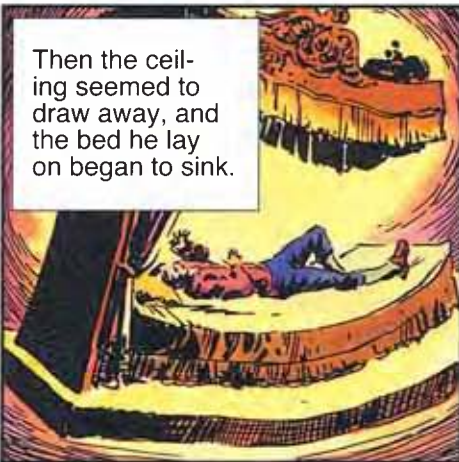
Then, almost weeping, the king threw himself on his bed.



At last, worn out, he fell asleep. In a dream he seemed to see a face looking down from the ceiling above. It was like his own face seen in a mirror.



Then the ceiling seemed to draw away, and the bed he lay on began to sink.



The light of the room faded. The air became cold.



Then the dream became a nightmare.

It is only a dream!
Come, wake up!



But his eyes were open.
He jumped to his feet and
felt the damp ground.

Who are you?
What is this
joke?

It is
no joke.



Are you a servant
of M. Fouquet?

That doesn't
matter. What
matters is that
we are your
masters now.
Follow us!

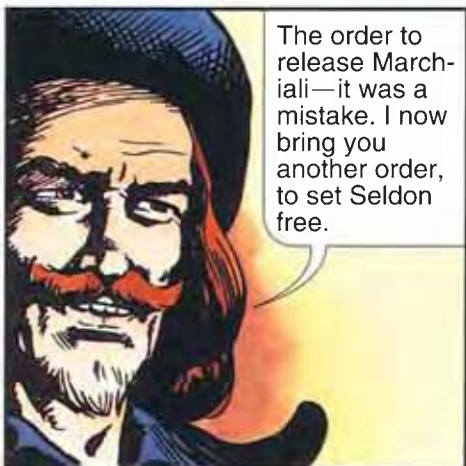


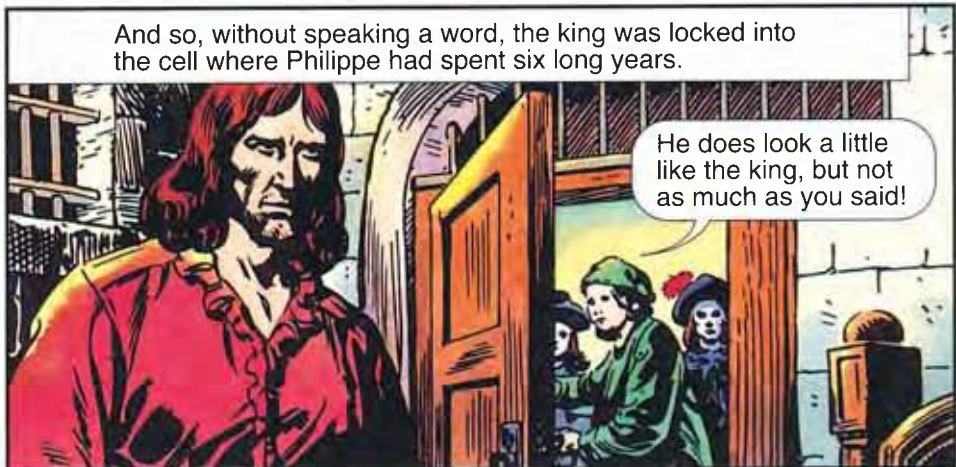
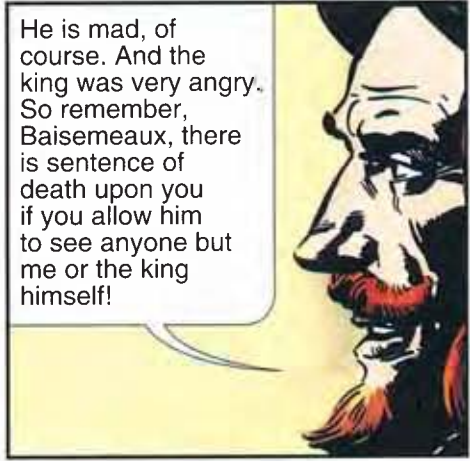
They forced the king to go
with them through a long
underground passage.

Where are
you taking
me?

You will
know soon
enough!







Soon after, Porthos and Aramis rode away to Vaux. Baisemeaux went to breakfast. The young king found himself a prisoner in the Bastille.

Am I dead?
Is this hell?
Am I still
in a night-
mare?



A sound caught
his attention.

A rat! A
large rat!



A prisoner! I am
a prisoner in the
Bastille!



It is a plot! Fouquet plots against
me! I must call someone—but
there is no bell!



The governor! Get
me the governor!



For an hour he shouted, but no one came. He picked up a chair and beat on the door.



Then there were cries from outside.



The other prisoners are people I have put here with never a thought for their suffering!

Should I pray? How can I ask for the liberty I have so often refused my fellow men?



The jailer entered with food.

You have always been calm! Now a broken chair and all this noise! Unless you promise to quiet down, I must report it to the governor.



You are getting that wild look in your eyes again! I must take your knife!

I have to see the governor!



The jailer left, and the king felt more alone than ever. He threw his dishes against the wall.



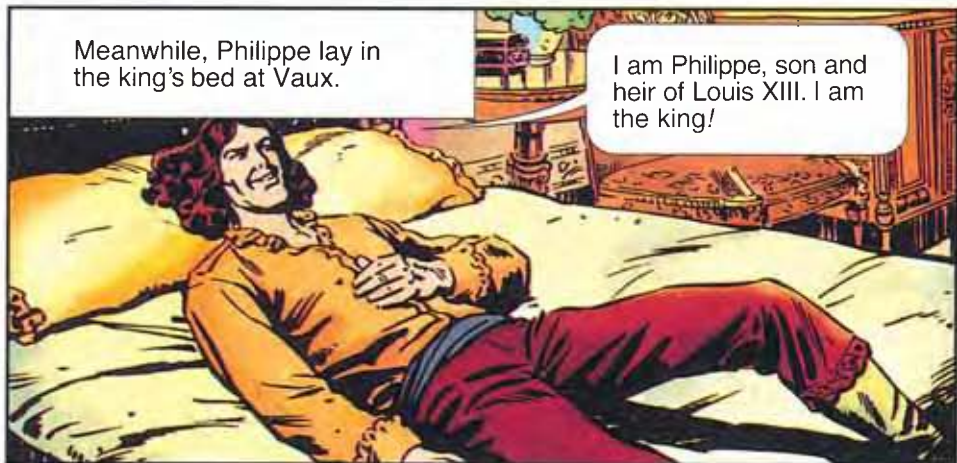
But not a sound answered him. He became a madman, tearing at the floor boards. He was no longer a king, a gentleman, not even a person.

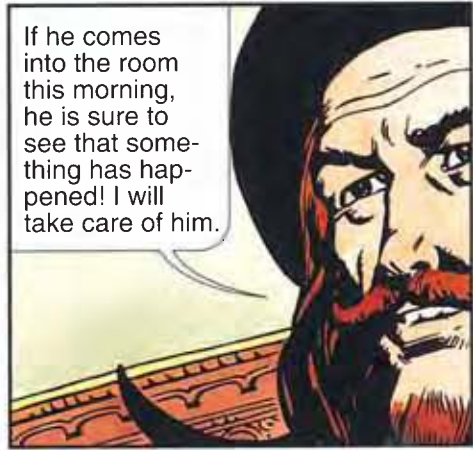
The king—I am the king! I must see the governor!

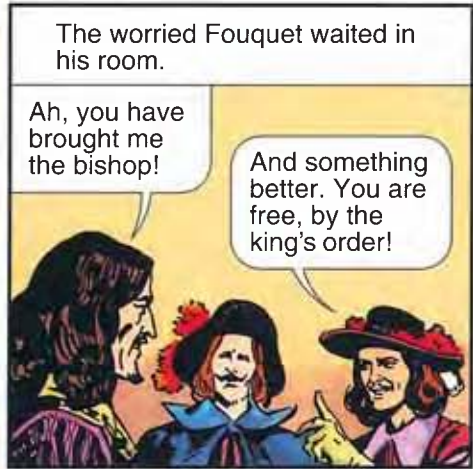


Meanwhile, Philippe lay in the king's bed at Vaux.

I am Philippe, son and heir of Louis XIII. I am the king!







D'Artagnan left. Fouquet quickly locked the door and turned to Aramis.



What is happening?
You must tell me!

First, you must know that the king thinks you are a robber and a traitor. He is your enemy!

Then why has he set me free?



Because he and I share a secret so important that I am now his only friend. He will do as I wish!

It goes back to the birth of Louis XIV. Do you remember?



As if it were yesterday!

Then Aramis told Fouquet the whole story of the plot.

You took the king from his throne?
Put him in prison?
This happened here?



Here at Vaux... last night!

Under my roof! This crime against my guest, my king! I am shamed forever!



Your king was planning to arrest you!

You may have acted for my good, but I would rather die than let this happen!



I am going to the king! You must leave Vaux and leave France! I give you four hours to escape the king's reach!



His heart broken, Aramis followed Fouquet down a secret staircase to the courtyard. He watched as Fouquet's carriage left at full gallop.



Should I warn the prince—take him with me? Civil war would follow. No, he was a prisoner, and I'll let him remain so.

Aramis went to find Porthos. After saying good-bye to d'Artagnan, they rode away.

At any other time, I might try to keep Aramis and Porthos from escaping. But now I must attend to other matters.







Quickly Fouquet told the king about the plot. He told him also that the Bishop of Vannes was the leader, and that those taking part were at Vaux.



At Vaux, Philippe still played the part of the king.



His mother entered.

My brother loves her. I will try to love her too.



He took her hand and kissed it.

In this moment I forgive her for my eight years of suffering.



Stay with me, mother. I wish you to make your peace with M. Fouquet.

I have no ill feelings toward M. Fouquet!



But when Aramis did not appear, Philippe began to worry.

Where is the Bishop of Vannes, your friend?

Why, sire, I do not know.



Suddenly there was a voice outside.

What is all that noise?

The voice of M. Fouquet!

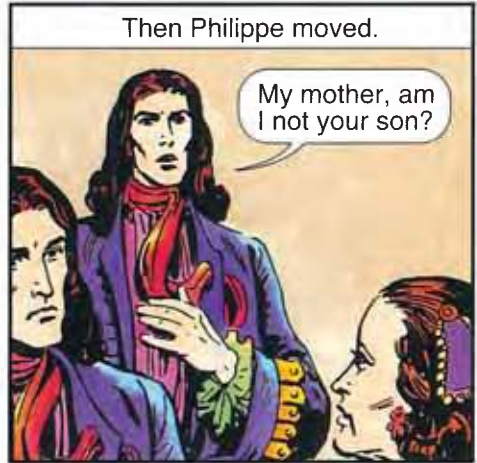
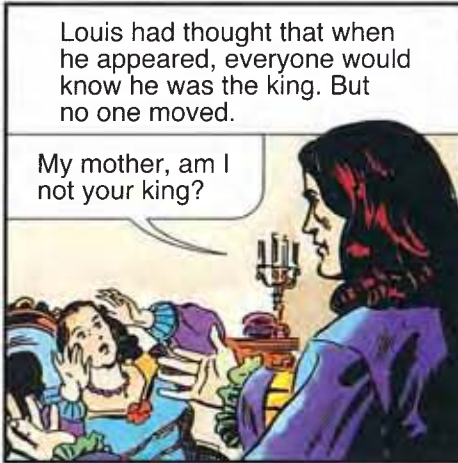


The door opened. But it was not only Fouquet who entered.

Ohhhhhhhhh...



Louis and Philippe were dressed exactly alike. To each it seemed that he stared into a mirror. The queen cried out as if she were seeing a ghost.



Philippe stared at the king. Perhaps Louis felt sad about his brother's past, for he quickly left the room.



Then Philippe spoke softly to the queen.



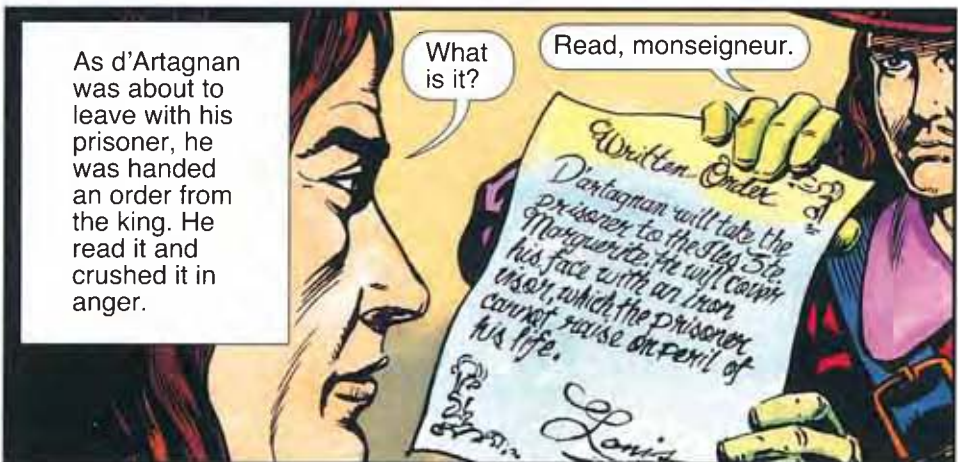
If I were not your son, I should hate you, my mother, for having made me so unhappy!

Excuse me, monseigneur. But I am a soldier, and I am loyal to the king.



Thank you, d'Artagnan. I will follow you.

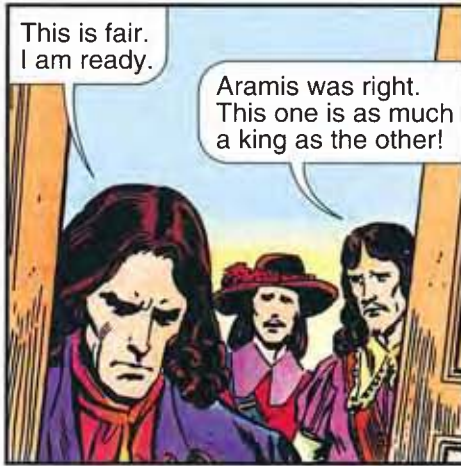
As d'Artagnan was about to leave with his prisoner, he was handed an order from the king. He read it and crushed it in anger.



What is it?

Read, monseigneur.

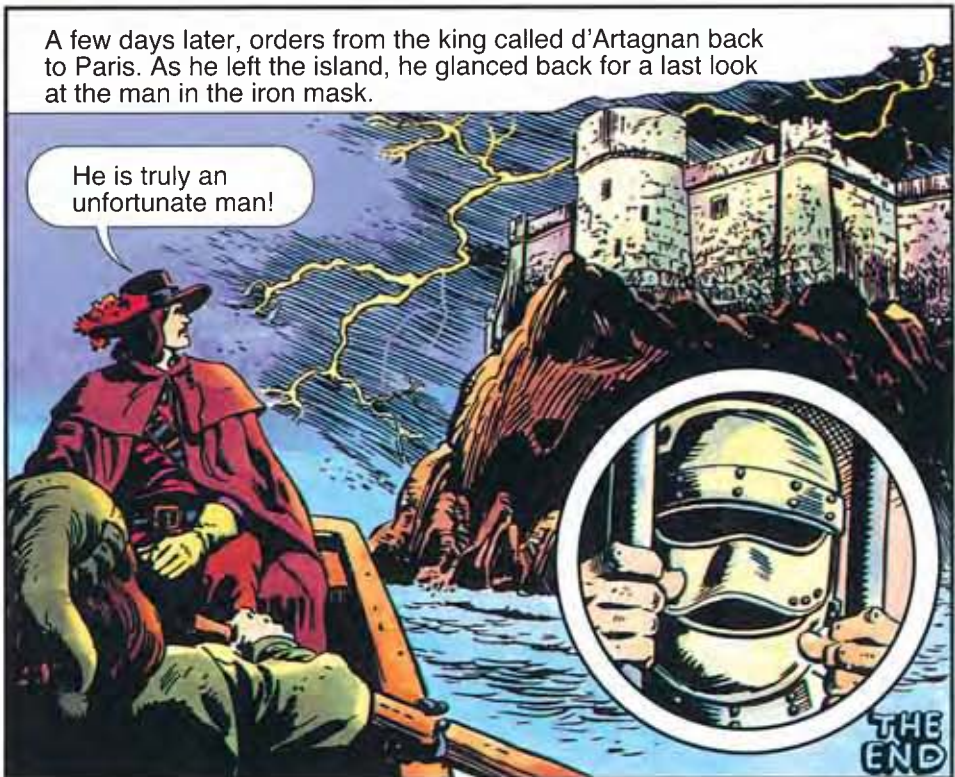
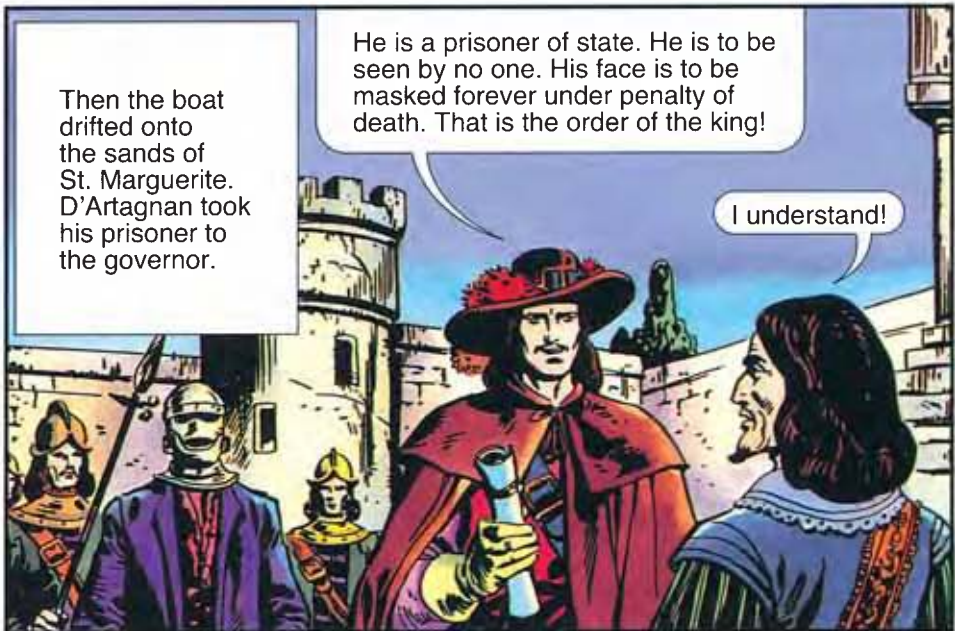
Written Order
D'Artagnan will take the prisoner to the Bastille. Marguerite will copy his face with an iron brand, which the prisoner cannot raise on peril of his life.
Louis



A few nights later, on a lonely part of the French coast, a stranger came to a fisherman's hut.







The Man in the Iron Mask

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